

MARK STILES' SECRET

Continued from page 2.

feet, her eyes like burning coals, her grasp tight and firm upon the girl's arm. "You have come from him," she gasped. "Ah! I knew—I knew he would send. Tell me—do not keep me in suspense—what did he send me?"

"This!" And the hands were unclasped, and something small and golden put into Fedore's hand. "And I was to say, it was for your sake he is now a wanderer upon the face of the earth."

Fedore looked down upon the tiny trinket lying upon her lap. It was the locket he always wore attached to his watch-chain. With trembling fingers she opened it. There was a tiny portrait of herself. He had asked her for it one day when they were together in the country. This is how he had treasured it! Ah, if only she could read his message as easily as she read the locket!

"For my sake—for my sake—he is a wanderer! What does it mean?" She looked vacantly at her visitor. Clara's face flushed and her lip quivered.

"If you will hear a little confession, madam, perhaps you will be better understood."

"Yes, yes! Go on—speak!"

The tone was hurried and agitated. Fedore was clasping the locket; every now and then she carried it to her lips.

"Twas just like this: On the 26th January the two gentlemen dined at our place. My father owns the restaurant," she added, in explanation.

"There was nothing for me to do, as father saw himself to the dinner—a most unusual thing—and he gave me leave to go out. But, alas! I had a terrible headache—so bad I went to lie down in my room."

"It is over the dining-room, you understand. Well, I went to sleep, I think, but suddenly there was a noise below which awoke me. I heard angry voices and high words, and I was frightened. So I aroused myself and crept downstairs. As I went I heard these words—I think they were spoken by the gentleman who gave me the locket. He said: 'Unsay those words, or I'll throttle you.'"

"Then there was an awful noise and a crash. When I opened the door the other gentleman—the eldest one—was lying upon the ground with a wound upon his forehead. But he had insulted Mr. Julian. Of that I feel quite sure."

"Is that all? Is there nothing more to tell me?" panted poor tortured little Fedore.

"Only this, madam. I fled as fast as I could after him. I could not let him go with that awful look upon his face, and I stayed him by the door. I asked him had he done it? I told him I was so sorry for him."

Great tears rolled down Fedore's cheeks; they were the first she had been able to shed.

"God bless you for comforting him!" she said faintly. "I know now—I feel sure it was a hasty action. He was provoked beyond endurance."

She thought of the evil expression she had seen upon Ferdinand Horley's face. If his words had matched his face, what human power could have endured it?

The young girl came closed, and knelt in front of Fedore Molyneux.

"It was about you, madam, that they quarreled. I am certain of it. And Mr. Ferdinand Horley had said some insulting and stinging words. He richly deserved his punishment."

THE TREATMENT OF THE EYES AND EARS

When the eyes are out we are all out. Ailments of the eyes require expert treatment.

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Illustration of an eye.

Illustration of an ear.

Illustration of a book.

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Illustration of an incubator.

"But not this—ah, not this!" gasped the poor, brokenhearted girl. "That he should have to wander over the face of the earth, afraid to show himself, because—he is a murderer!"

She shuddered with agony as she pronounced the word.

"But, madam, have you not heard? Mr. Horley is doing well; he will soon be out again. My father has seen him. He progresses well and steadily."

The reaction was too great for Fedore. With a stifled cry she fell back in her chair, swooning for the second time that day.

VI. Once more it was Fedore's birthday, but a different one to the last. The snow was softly falling, and already a fair white carpet covered the earth. A young girl, clad in a black gown, with white furs covering her neck, was roaming the grounds of Wilton House. It was the anniversary of a very sad day, and though Fedore Molyneux, for the sake of others, tried her hardest to look bright and gay, inwardly her heart was sore and bleeding.

This winter her mother and herself decided to spend at home. It was all the same to Fedore where they went or what they did. The rest of her life was gone. Her joy would never return, for never one word had she heard of or from Julian Horley during the long, dreary twelve months that had passed.

Ferdinand Horley reigned at Southam Hall. Everyone said Julian would never, never come back. The disgrace would be too great. Besides, he had made all over to his cousin, as the only compensation for the great and grievous wrong he had done him.

Ferdinand Horley was not backward with his visits to Wilton House, but he rarely, if ever, got a sight of Fedore. She always seemed to know by intuition when he was expected, and as cleverly as possible managed to be out of the way. But this morning, as she roamed along, choosing for herself the path where the snow did not lie so deeply, she suddenly looked up and found that Ferdinand Horley was approaching her. Yes, and he did not mean to let her escape him this time. That was plainly visible from his face.

"Fedore!" he exclaimed, stretching out an eager hand of welcome. "Why, what a stranger you are to me! Do you know I have hardly spoken to you all the summer? What have I done to offend you so bitterly? Surely you do not lay to my door the miserable quarrel of last year? But you are totally altered toward me."

With a scornful curl of her lip the young girl snatched her hand out of his grasp.

"I am glad you think me a stranger," she panted, her breast heaving and her cheek glowing. "It is what I should ever wish to be. As to laying at your door the quarrel of last year—her tongue was stinging and bitter—there is no need to do that, as it is there already."

Ferdinand Horley, being in perfect ignorance as to Clara's part in the affair of last winter, was utterly unable to account for Fedore's words. A bitter suspicion crossed him that Julian had written to her. Perhaps she even knew of his whereabouts, and was corresponding with him.

"Of course you would take his part against me," he said sadly. "The one who is in the wrong always gets the most sympathy. But, considering he confessed to the deed himself, and begged my forgiveness, what more is there to say? But perhaps you have heard from Julian? He has made you a confidante?"

Her face blazed with anger. "I have not had one word or line from him!" she retorted quickly. "I know no more than you where he is—if he is dead or alive. But I do know this, it was because you taunted him beyond endurance that he committed the fatal deed of wounding you. But he had provoked. Deny it if you dare."

"I do deny it, most emphatically!" was his reply, and his face was pale. "Do not expect pity or sympathy from me. Look!"—and he suddenly uncovered his temples, and Fedore saw a long, livid scar upon his brow. "As long as I bear this mark, do you think I can feel peacefully towards the giver of it? As to provocation, what do you know about it?"

"A great deal," was the reply. Fedore, with her hand upon her bosom, was striving to calm herself. "Yes, more than you know of. I have the word of one who heard part of your quarrel. What did you say, Ferdinand Horley, to make your cousin so angry? What were the words he ordered you to unsay, or else take the chance of his just anger? What were those words?"

"I really cannot remember"—he laughed uneasily. "Some little quarrel or misunderstanding, I suppose? But nothing serious; nothing to make Julian fly into a devil of a rage, and try to brain me!"

"I know what they were," Fedore returned calmly. "They were about me. You dared to speak disparagingly of me, and Julian Horley, being a gentleman and a friend of mine, resented the insult."

He tried to laugh the matter off, but her words had gone home into his soul. Inwardly he was quivering with anger. That Stiles's girl should have dared to make such mischief; Stiles should know of it, and, unless he kept her mouth closed, he should receive no further quarterly payments of two hundred pounds.

"I can but deny it, whether you believe me or not," he replied. "But I should not have thought this of you. Suffering, as I do, from the results of my cousin's evil temper, the least you could have done would have been to give me your sympathy!"

"I have none to give."

The words were proudly spoken. Then, with haughty gesture, as if of farewell, Fedore Molyneux turned from her companion and made as if to continue her walk. Ferdinand Horley saw his mistake. If he wanted her sympathy he should have humbled himself, professed regret for the past, then, in time, she would forget it, and turn to him again. For there was never any likelihood now of Julian turning up. He had signed away his inheritance by a stroke of the pen. If only he could get forget Julian! He ground his teeth in anger. Then, looking up, he saw the under-

divined its purport before he opened it. He had written the previous day, beseeching Mrs. Molyneux to take pity on his loneliness and allow him to visit at Wilton House. He knew it would be of no use inviting Fedore to Southam. She would never willingly set foot inside the house now, he was sure.

"Are you in a hurry?" he asked the young gardener. "Can you come back to the house with me? I have some flowers I want to send to Miss Molyneux."

"Would you be long, sir? for I have not finished up my work at the house yet."

He had a shy, nervous manner, and seemed to evade Ferdinand's eye.

"I shan't be a minute, my good fellow. Just wait outside the conservatory. I won't call the gardener. I'll pick the flowers myself."

gardener of Wilton House approaching him.

The man carried a note, and Ferdinand

The man touched his hat and waited. So still did he keep that he might have been a statue. But he turned his back to the conservatory, and stood as if he was looking out into the wintry sky.

Presently he heard a voice at his elbow. "Here you are, my man! And here is something for your trouble. Now, remember the message: The flowers are for Miss Molyneux, with Mr. Horley's compliments."

The man touched his hat, and received into one hand a magnificent posy of pure white blossoms, into the other half-a-crown "for his trouble."

As he went his way something like moisture rose to his eyes.

Ah, if that half-a-crown could indeed buy back the past, he would not be in the position he was at the present moment!

To be continued in the next issue.

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| 104. My wife misses me so much. | 122. Got more than I expected. | 139. Will do well here if I don't lose my |
| 105. Will get through here shortly. | 123. I'm just taking my first drop. | 140. 10,000 miles from home and no birds |
| 106. Am unavoidably detained. | 124. Think I'm going to like this game. | 141. Out on a long foot. |
| 107. I'm all off now. | 125. I know I'm going to like the place. | 142. Expect to hear from my wife shortly. |
| 108. Found the tramp a long one. | 126. I expect to be here some time. | 143. Not yet, but soon. |
| 109. There is a fine opening here for you. | 127. The whole town turned out to meet | 144. This is not my long suit. |
| 110. It's up to you. | 128. I am blowing myself. | 145. Nothing like this in our family. |
| 111. There was a concert at our house last | 129. I am in safe hands, don't worry. | 146. I'm a little bit short. |
| 112. It was no use kicking. | 130. I just stepped on a train. | 147. Just for a kid. |
| 113. Caught in the act. | 131. It was hard to tear loose. | 148. Weather had—been soaked all week |
| 114. My board is paid for. | 132. Just landed here. | 149. Back in a minute, got to go now. |
| 115. I am taking my meals outside. (away | 133. She was very favorably impressed. | 150. Will be there soon. |
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